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And the LATE

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King *JAMES*,

At St. *Germains en Laye*:

Occasion'd by the

Signing of the PEACE.

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Between the

French King,

And the Late

King *JAMES.*

F. K. *BON jour Mon Cousin.*

K. J. I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of Breeding. To tell you the Truth, Sir, I am quite out of love with any thing of *French.*

F. K. Why so out of humour, Sir?

K. J. Not without Cauſe, Sir, if I may be a Judge in my own Caſe; I preſume your Majeſty cannot but know the Occaſion.

F. K. Upon my Honour, not I; Madam *de Maintenon* and I have been Solacing our ſelves, congratulating each other upon the good News of a Peace.

K. J. And I upon the ſame Account have been Curſing my Cruel Fate, and Falſe Friends.

F. K. Sir, I hope you are not come to affront me. But that I am in an extream good Humour, I might have reſented ſuch an Expreſſion.

K. J. Your Majeſty may do with me as you pleaſe; I have loſt Three Kingdoms already, and have nothing left now worth loſing.

F. K.

F. K. Come, Sir, let me desire you to curb your Passion, and guide your self by Reason.

K. J. Is this a time to talk of Reason, when Experience tells me I am in a fair way to beg my Bread?

F. K. What would you have me do?

K. J. As you promised me, Sir, and as I promised my dear Friends soon after I came here, That you would not put up your Sword, till you had revenged my Quarrel, and replaced me on the Throne from whence the Heretical Crew expelled me.

F. K. 'Tis true, Sir, I drew my Sword, and will not put it up my self; yet upon a second Consideration, the *Dauphin* shall; and really it is not just he should inherit a wasted Kingdom, nor that I should entail

entail upon him a perpetual War with his Neighbours; therefore I have adviſed him to take your Grandfather's Motto, *Beati Pacifici*; knowing by my own Experience the fatal Miſchiefs of War.

K. J. Truly, Sir, I think you cannot in Honour make a Peace with the Prince of *Orange*, ſo long as he keeps me out of my Throne.

F. K. Put Intereſt in one Scale, and Honour in the other, you'll find it a meer Trifle.---- Neceſſity has no Law.---- You have been my Penſioner theſe Nine Years, and not only your ſelf and Bedfellow, but the little Prince, as you call him, and a Gallimaufrey of Highlanders, Rapparees, and Renegado's, have been fed and cloathed at my Charge. Is all this nothing?

K. J. Worse than nothing, Sir; except you had compleated that meritorious Work of Re-enthroning me. But if I had had the least thoughts how I should have been served, I would long ere now have come to Composition with my Subjects: The *English* are naturally Honest and Good-natur'd, and I am perswaded would have allowed me the Interest, though not the Principal.--- But now, Sir, I have no hopes.---

F. K. Recollect your Memory, and you may remember that I lent you an Army in *Ireland*, which with your *own* Courage, and the Assistance of some able Friends in *England* and *Scotland*, might have enabled you to regain your Post; but no sooner did the King of *England* offer you Battle, but away you run, and left my Men to

be knockt o'th' Head at the *Boyne*.

K. *J.* Natural Infirmities, Sir, you know are unavoidable. 'Twas nothing but what I deriv'd from my peaceable Grandfather; my Brother *Charles* had a little of his Hypocrisy, and I too much of his Courage; yet, Sir, I can remember how I swing'd the *Dutch* bravely, when I peept out of my Fortification of Cable-Ropes, and cried Halloo Boys, hallo. Oh! how I made the Rogues scamper!—but now I grow old and unfit for Martial Exercise.

F.K. Luis d'ores you have squandred away without number, under pretence of Secret Service, for supplying the Necessities of the Loyal Clergy; for Correspondence with Great Men at Court; providing Arms and Ammunition to beat up the Prince of *Orange's* Quarters,

and a round Sum for Pamphleteers, News-writers, Ballad-makers, Private Presses, and Wagerers.---- But where's the Fruit of all this?

K. J. Sir, you are too hasty; I had as fine a Plot on the Stocks as any Jesuit in *Europe* could invent, and would have Launcht it in two or three Months, if this damn'd Peace had not prevented it.

F. K. Well remembred; This brings to mind your fertile Inventions and Abortive Executions. I suppose you have not forgot the Chevalier *Granvil*'s good Success; That was a rare Contrivance of yours, o' my word, had it been well effected!

K. J. Success is not in the Hands of Man, Sir; if it were, I had had as good Success with the Prince of *Orange*, as you had with the Duke of *Loraine*.

F. K. Your Son *Berwick* offered to bring the Prince of *Orange* Dead or Alive, upon Condition that I would give him a Marſhals Staff; but that Project fail'd.

K. J. 'Tis true, Sir; the Duke took the Sacrament on't, but forgot *Ned Petres* Benediction. I'm ſure I did my endeavour on my bare Knees; and if *Ave-Mary's* and *Pater-Noſter's* would have effected it, I had carried the Day. For my part, I believe the Virgin was aſleep, and St. *Loyala* thick of hearing, elſe why ſhould I be thus diſappointed?

F. K. I'll tell you why, Sir; your Faith has not been well-grounded; you have expected Mountains, and are fain to content your ſelf with Mole-hills; Could you ever think to reaſſume your Abdicated Throne, by the help of a pack of deſperate forlorn

forlorn Fellows, who have liv'd upon the Odd Pence you could ſpare out of my Allowance? And whilſt they pretended a Tenderneſs of Conſcience, would have cut your own Throat with as little Remorſe as *Rookwood* or *Cranbourn* would have Aſſaſſinated your Son-in-Law.

K. J. I am perſuaded, Sir, That Glorious Work had been done by my Faithful Servants and Martyrs, had not thoſe Two Traitors, *De La Rue*, and *Pendergraſs* told Tales. I ſay, Sir, A man can do no more than he can do; and if ſuch Enterprizes fail, we are the leſs beholden to Heaven.

F. K. I am ſorry, Sir, you are Born under ſo Malevolent a Planet; If my Stars had been ſo unkind to me, I ſhould ſcarce have been *Louis Le Grand* now; and weathered the

Point

Point through ſo many Campaigns as I have done. But now I grow in years, it is high time to be quiet, for I'd fain go to Heaven in Peace.

K. J. 'Tis True, you have had better ſucceſs than I, Sir; but you may thank your Ammunition, Sir, 'tis that has done you many a good piece of Service. You Charg'd your Cannon with *Luid'ores*, and fill'd your Bombs with *Piſtoles*, which upon the firſt Diſcharge made the Gates fly open, and the Governors your Humble Servants.

F. K. Not always neither; you may remember how *Aſhby* put a Trick upon me, and was the occaſion of my loſing the *Royal-Sun*, and put the *Chevalier de Tourville* in ſuch a Diſorder, that I could never ſince get him to look the *Engliſh* Fleet in the Face; though

though between you and I, I never intended he should.

K. J. That was a Disappointment, Sir; But how was I served at *Salisbury*! but I'll say that for my self, if my Nose had not bled, I'd have spoil'd the *Dutch* having Trade for ever; but such things are ominous.

F. K. To none but Cowards, Sir; you might have kept your Kingdoms till now, had you shuffled your Cards well; but you Drove too fast to keep your self i'th Box.

K. J. I did all for the best, Sir, out of a tender regard to Mother-Church. It was upon that account, Sir, That I sent my Brother *Charles* to Heaven a little before his Time. He was too sluggish to promote the Catholick Interest, and therefore I sent him packing.

packing. In requital for this, and some other little Tricks I put upon my Subjects, they sent me to take the Air at St. *Germains*; but I'll remember 'em, if ever I make 'em another Visit.

F. K. None but a Madman would hope for such a thing. However, Sir, I beseech you don't rely upon me for any Assistance; for to tell you the truth, I have done the utmost that lay in my power; I have Exhausted my Kingdom to that degree, both of Men and Money, that 'tis e'en heart sick, and I am afraid I shall hardly live to see it recover again. I have flung away Million after Million to gain the *Universal Monarchy*, but am farther from it now than ever. Had it not been for some Trusty Correspondents in *England*, who now and then presented me with

with a Brace or two of *East-India* Men, or a *Virginia* Fleet, I had been quite Unhing'd long ago.

K. J. I hope your Majesty forgets the Service my Privateers have done sometimes.

F. K. Now and then, Sir, they have brought me in a *Collier*, or a *Mackerel* Boat, but that won't pay my Armies. As for my Fleet, I have made but little use of them since the Surfeit they got at *La Hogue*, which made 'em keep a long Quarrantain at *Thoulon* to my Cost, I'm sure, whilst the *Confederates* very bountifully flung their Fireworks into my Sea-port Towns for joy. But if you had had no other Allowance than the Purchase of your Privateers, you might have drank Small Beer and Beverage, instead of *Champain* and *Burgundy*.

K. J. My Men are afraid the Prince of *Orange* will put 'em to the ſqueak, if he gets 'em; and they are naturally averſe to the ſmell of *Engliſh* Hemp. But if I live to ſee *England* again, I'll make your Majeſty amends.

F. K. Pray don't let the thoughts of a Kingdom diſturb you; I had great hopes once of being King of *Great Britain* my Self, and that would have made me Amends ſufficient: But now neither you nor I are like to be the better for it.

K. J. Truly, Sir, to ſpeak like a Philoſopher, Crowns are but Encumbrances; yet it goes a little againſt the grain, to ſee my Son-in-Law take up my Crown, before I think fit to lay it down.

F. K. You know the *Engliſh* Proverb, *What can't be cur'd, muſt be endur'd.* I have told you more than once,

once, I have done to the utmost of my Ability; and I had better make a Peace with Honour, than be compell'd to it by Force. Heaven runs counter to all my Designs, and instead of giving Peace, I shall in a little time be glad to beg it: For Money I have none, and Men grow scarce; last Year I was in great hopes to have broke the League, and then I'de have pickt the Bones of the *Confederates* one after another, but that fail'd. This Year I made sure of the *Spanish Flota* that would have fill'd my Bags bravely, but was fain to content my self with the Plunder of *Carthagena*, and glad I got off so: The *English* Fleet have made themselves amends by Sacking *Petit Guaves*, and Snapping the *Buccaniers*. So that when all these things are considered, I shall hardly be Twopence the better for the Expedition.

I thought *Bonti*'s Cargo would have been Gold Dust and Diamonds; but instead of that, he has brought me home the Twelve Apostles and the Virgin *Mary*, which for fear of displeasing the Clergy, I dare not melt. You can't be ignorant what Showers of Gold I rain'd in *Poland*, to get the Crown for *Conti*, but there the Rogues have shamm'd me, and chose the Elector of *Saxony*. My good Friends and Allies at the *Port* are put to the Rout by the *Imperialists*: I wish I had *Chateau Neuf* in my Cabinet at *Marli*, he'll be torn a-pieces for telling such a pack of Lies. I made 'em believe I was strong enough to raise Contributions as far as the Gates of *Vienna*, but instead of that, Monsieur *Choiseul* is fain to content himself with passing and repassing the *Rhine*, and has the Satisfaction of seeing *Eberenbourg*

take no before his Face. 'Tis true, I took *Barcelona* and *Ath*, but had it not been to gain the *Grand Point*, I had rather have let it alone; however it has saved the Hangman a labour, and me the trouble of Disbanding a great many, who for want of Employment have turned Freebooters. And in *Flanders*, do what I can, your Son-in-Law is too cunning for me.

K. J. Then your Majesty is resolved to sign Peace.

F. K. It is already done, Sir.

K. J. And has your Majesty acknowledged the Prince of *Orange* King of *England* whilst I live?

F. K. Upon the Word of a King I have.

K. J. I hope your Majesty has observed the Distinction between a King *de Facto* and *de Jure*.

F. K.

F. K. Truly, Sir, it is too late now to mind Distinctions; I have done it, and can't undo it if I would; I must be a Slave to my Word now; and to confirm the Sincerity of my Intentions, have given him his Principality of *Orange* into the Bargain.

K. J. Then I'm undone indeed, for I design'd to have begg'd that for my share, and he should have been a Titular Prince as well as my self. But what Provision for my Son, the Prince of *Wales*?

F. K. None at all, Sir; if you are willing to take my Advice, send him to his Mother, if you know where to find her; or if you had rather, I'll prefer him to be a *Valet de Chambre* to the Dutchess of *Burgundy*.

K. J. No, Sir, I'll make him a Clergy-man, he's a forward Child.

F. K. But,

But, pray Sir, what ſeparate Article for the Relief of thoſe faithful, tho unfortunate Fools, the afflicted and diſtreſſed Cavaliers in *England*? I expect the firſt Fleet from thence will bring over ſome Thouſands to implore your Majeſty's Protection. I have nothing left to Succour or Support them my ſelf, but I hope your moſt Chriſtian Majeſty won't forget their Service.

F. K. No, Sir, by no means, I deſign to preſent them to the King of *Morocco*; he's a dull Fellow, yet has done me ſome little Service againſt the *Spaniards*, and I ought to make him amends; but if he has no occaſion for them, they'll ſerve to ſtock my Plantations; they have been Sick of the *Scurvy* a long time, courſe Fare, and hard Labour will be good for the Health of their Bodies.

K. J. Now it comes into my head. What does your Majesty think of a Descent upon Jerusalem, and the Holy Land? That would be a glorious Conquest.

K. Pry. Sir, trouble me no more with your Projects; I'll persuade the Old Gentleman to send you a Cardinal's Cap to strengthen your Whimsical Brain; and for your Spouse, when an Abbess slip is vacant, I won't forget her. And so, Sir, adieu.

K. J. *I'll bear my Cross with Patience if I can;*
Ah! Coleman, Coleman, there's no Faith in Man.